THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. XXXIX.

IMPUDENCE.

We live in a *brazen* age. Counterfeits only pass current. The *base* metal, impudence, constitutes wealth.

"Where ignorance is bliss," it has very fairly been said, it is "folly to be wise;" and by parity of reasoning, where impudence is wealth, the effrontery of madness is to be modest.

Come then, unblushing impudence, brow beat me into fortune! And thou, tremulous madam, who, with thy veil rent, wouldst shrink from the glance, retire where the rudeness of a single eye will not disturb thee, into the hovels of penury and contempt. There the clod may pillow thy troubles and thou wouldst soon chill into welcome insensibility, but for the glow of indignation. Blush for the world, if thou wilt, but blush in secret. If wealth will not bribe thee to smile upon rudeness, but, like Cato, thou wilt still be free; like Cato, retreat and expire.

It would be for the comfort of many rude sons of wealth, if modesty would obey these directions. They would rather have her lady-ship utterly exterminated from creation, than encounter her frown. It alone can strike them with horror. A look from the modest man will often awe and appal the rich in impudence, and the impudent in riches.

There is modesty, says some one; there is assurance; and there is modest assurance. The last is the golden mean, at which all men should strike. The reason why so many go beyond it seems to be the opinion they entertain, that of itself it is hardly sufficient to constitute that bustling quality so essential to the conduct and character of men of business. Few at this day will take by the hand retiring merit, to lead him from poverty to mediocrity, or from mediocrity to affluence, or even so much as put him in the way to attain *otium cum dignitate*. There must be energy to propel from within. Society is a crowd. Each one must press forward or he is sure to fall back. To keep the same place is impossible. There is no respect of persons. More than modest assurance may be here requisite. If so, however, it should still be confined exclusively to matters of business.

But Bronzago carries it further. In the most polite circles he will enter into conversation with a lady, with as little ceremony as on 'Change with a merchant; and has actually been known to compliment one of our most refined belles with the same abrupt onset, with which

he would ask a broker the premium of exchange, or apply to an auctioneer to dispose of a cargo. He will tip the wink in company as freely, as nod a bid at vendue, and offer his hand to a damsel with rather more confidence, than his note to a creditor. But no offence, ladies! Take not these things in dudgeon. Modesty is not to be expected in a mere man of business, and nothing but assurance from behind the counter.

Where impudence is the consequence of a man's habits in his daily occupation, it is rather more pardonable, than where it is the cause of them. Energy in business sometimes renders a man impudent unawares. But some men are purposely impudent, that they may gain credit for energy in business.

Talk as we may in commendation of modesty and modest assurance, what are these after all in comparison with that great pre-requisite for riches or fame, impudence? A man shall have all, that the philosopher would think essential to success in any department in life; he shall have family, fortune, education, genius, address and person, yet without impudence the brass would not sound, nor the cymbal tinkle. A worse condition than *St. Paul* denounces on the wretch without charity! He would indeed be lost for every useful purpose in life. IMPUDENCE to the lawyer is clients; to the parson, a good living; to the physician, abundance of patients; to the statesman, success and renown; to every man, all in all.

ALPHONSO is a young man, that was in high estimation at college, and whose literary horizon is considerably extensive. But in the profession of law, though

> ....."onward still he goes,
> He ne'er looks forward farther than his nose."

The smile of IMPUDENCE would make ALPHONSO look up.

STENTOR fairly offers a contrast of character. With no literature, he boasts his pretensions to law. He substitutes abuse for argument, and insolence for erudition. He flounders through a cause at the bar, and bespatters every one within reach with his spray. The bar, the court, and the jury are alike exposed to the defilement of his frothy scurrility. As the monsters of the deep, when about to lash the billows, give warning by the noise they make, this pigmy monster of the forum, by the hoarse clamor of a guttural voice, foretels the coming blast and gives time to escape its desolation. The force of his gesture with his face and person, would make you think him a son of VULCAN, that from habit must still beat the anvil.

But in the professions, impudence is rather more tolerable, than in political life. Here it is not obnoxious to individuals merely, but to states and to systems. IMPUDENCE rears his bald head in the capitol and sets at defiance decency and truth. He holds a loaded pistol in one hand and in the other a denunciation of legal rights. That should spill every drop of blood in the country, before these should be satisfied. The heads of departments crouch before him. "YOU HAVE NO CABINET" is uttered over them. The despotism of IMPUDENCE must be borne in a republic of fear.

In the ark of literature, it was ardently expected modesty would outride the flood of insolence. But its proud waves are not stayed even here. They have broken in upon the structure and triumph over the wreck. Though distrust is evidence of wisdom, though candor is the life of criticism, dogmacy is

found in pretenders to learning, and impudence in the reviewer professed. Where rigid impartiality is exacted, we meet rancorous analysis, and where respectful objection is the utmost that can be justified, we are surprised with arrogant assumption. Is a phrase at worst doubtful? Without questioning whether it be right, the reviewer at once decides it to be wrong. Nothing can be more reprehensible than the spirit of most modern reviews. They are outrageous attempts to give to anonymous assertion the weight of established authority. They seem rather strains of acrimonious invective, than exercises of fair, dispassionate criticism. They aim at being brilliant, rather than judicious, and sacrifice the chance of convincing the judgment to the hope of gratifying the fancy.

There is the impudence of levity and there is the impudence of gravity. The "mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind" is the consummation of impudence and most to be distrusted. The former is rude weakness, but it shows itself frankly. The latter adds aggravation to insult, for, conscious of real inability, it has the arrogance to expect to impose.

Is deportment contemplated? Whose image does it bear? That of impudence marks it Cesar's. Let him pass the light coin for what it will fetch. But view the tried gold of the wise and the prudent. The semblance of modesty stamps it divine; and he, who deems it no idolatry to worship on earth what is amiable in the sight of heaven, will not hesitate to bow down before the hallowed image.

T.

For the Emerald.

THE TEMPLE OF SCANDAL.

A VISION.

Her nature is all goodness to abuse,
And causeless crimes continually to frame:
With which she guiltless persons may accuse, [*name.*
And steal away the crown of their good
Ne ever knight so bold, ne ever dame,
So chaste and loyal lived, but she would strive
With forged cause them falsely to defame:
Ne ever thing so well was doen alive,
But she with blame would blot and of due praise deprive.

SPENSER, *B.* 4. *Canto* 8.

AMID the visions of the night, I looked and on the top of a lofty mountain beheld the Temple of Scandal. The prospect which spread beneath, presented boundless plains of sterile sand, without one particle of green to relieve the aching sight. From a distance the mountain appears steep, inaccessible, dangerous and unlovely. You see nought, save rugged rocks glittering in the sunbeam, and rarely interspersed with a few withered and stinted shrubs, shaking some dead branches, and a few yellow leaves, in the breeze. As I was attentively beholding these dreary scenes, I was astonished by the appearance of a celestial form approaching me with eager pace. Her robes of the purest white shed a peculiar radiance around, which rendered lovely every object it illumed. Her form was majestic and extremely beautiful. Her face of celestial mould was tinged with melancholy languor, yet seemed the seat of benevolence and philanthopy. Her eyes of "dewy light" shed around the soft beams of pity; and her golden tresses, which flowed luxuriantly adown her snowy neck, beautifully shaded a forehead, rosy with the rising blush.—Her outstretched right hand held a snow white veil, and her left the volume of inspiration. "Mortal" said she, addressing me, "my name is Charity, and "my office is to protect mankind from "the destructive influence of the god-"dess, who inhabits yonder temple.—"Approach, and safe under my guid-"ance and protection behold her man-"sion and the dreary scenes around." Saying this, she led me forward to the mountain.

On a nearer view, I observed that one part of the mountain fell with a gentle declivity to the plain, and terminated at no great distance from a path, which led to the temple of Virtue. Thither we went, & approached a gate, where Self-love was stationed for the admission of passengers. He however took little notice of them, who passed by, but stood with his face toward the temple, beholding with apparent transport his features in a limpid stream, which oozed along beneath his feet. After we entered, he turned upon us with a bewitching smile, and in tuneful accents began to welcome our arrival. But abashed at the sight of my guide he shrunk away, and again leaned in rapture over the lucid and smooth waters of his beloved brook. But I could observe, that upon others his smile had a peculiar effect. It instilled joy into every heart. Those, whose features were overcast with diffidence and modesty, were now illuminated with pleasure and confidence. They seemed new beings and appeared to possess thousand talents and graces, of which before they had no idea, and fell easy victims to Pride and Vanity, who in gilded ornament and with stately pace, advanced to receive the visitants. The way now became rugged and difficult, yet each travelled separate, and refused to assist his fellows. Still impelled forward by their guides, their clothes and skin were rent by the thorns, and their feet cut by the sharp and rough stones, which impeded the path. They would now have relented, but that haggard Envy with blood-shot eyes and withered form coming unseen, instilled a subtle poison into every heart, which while it was cankered and corroded by its baneful influence, rendered them unmindful of the severities of the road. Those, who were still backward, were lashed forward with a whip of scorpions, and drove without mercy toward the temple.

We now approached the building; it was of black marble, vast and of gothic structure, and its thick walls and deep arched windows strongly grated with iron, admitted few rays of light. The porter, Detraction, of haggard mein, squinting eyes, holding in one hand a distorting mirror, and in the other a huge iron key, beckoned us forward; and the gates of solid iron covered with rust from age, and opening on harsh, jarring hinges, admitted us to the interior of the temple.

Entering, we were confounded with the continual whisperings, which proceeded from every part of the building. But the object which most engaged our attention, was the goddess of Slander, seated on an ebon throne; her eyes were dim, her cheeks wan and and sunken, and her skin yellow, livid and wrinkled. Discontent sat upon her brow, which was crowned with a branch of the deadly nightshade. Her motions were fitful and uneasy, while the gnawing of a bloated viper, which bound her robe beneath her breast, gave her continual pain and wretchedness. In her right hand she held a sceptre, formed of the envenomed Upaz, and in her left a mirror, which enlightened the whole temple and rendered distorted and livid the countenances of all present. On one side of the throne stood Malice with the eye of a basilisk; on the other Hatred with scowling mein and distorted features. Behind stood Revenge, leaning with angry look upon his bloodstained sword; and beside him Treachery, with deadly, revengeful visage. "O detested sight," cried I, turning away my countenance.—"Yet" cried Charity, veiling her face, "this is the deity ye worship in preference to me; this is she, who reigns triumphant in mortal breasts, who cankers and poisons the heart, and makes it callous to every charitable, human feeling. But look and consider." I cast my eyes around. The temple was thronged with votaries of both sexes, and to my surprise the greater proportion were females. The poison I observed, which was shed by Envy in their breasts, destroyed every finer feeling of the heart. Every face was pale with anguish, and though many strove to hide their wretchedness under an appearance of pleasure, yet the eye soon detected the falsehood. A real smile sometimes illumined the features, yet it was the distorted smile caused by Hatred, by Envy, by Malice. Their only pleasure was hearing evil of the good and virtuous, and their only business in forging and reporting falsehood. "Let us forsake this wretched and detestable scene," cried I, "Come" said Charity, "blame, but pity and forgive them." She then led me to a gate

at the opposite side of the temple, and we were, with many others, dismissed by Remorse and Shame. "Look around thee," said Charity, I looked, and as far as the sight could reach, all was desolate. Nothing met the roving eye but hills of rocks, and plains of sand. "These," cried my guide, "are the "portion of the votaries of scandal. "View yon opening in the temple, like "the mouth of a trumpet; through "that proceed those undistinguishable "sounds, which you heard within. "They increase as they go, the sound "of them waxing louder and louder, "and reach even to the ends of the "earth. Whenever they come, des-"truction ensues. Virtue droops her "head. The reputation of those, "whose lives and deaths were given "to their country, is blasted. Reli-"gion seems superstition and bigotry. "Men in power are thrown from their "seats. Generority appears to be "prodigality and profuseness; good-"ness, treachery and cunning, pru-"dence avarice; openheartedness, de-"ception; and the modest and unob-"trusive are branded with the name "of fools. The reputation of virgin "innocence, like the too early flower, "blasted by the power of winter, falls "to rise no more. Love is lust, and "friendship hatred. These are the "baneful effects of scandal. But re-"member, O mortal, Charity suffereth "long and is kind, she envieth not, she "never faileth. He that blasts the "reputation of another steals a gem "both 'Indies can't repay,' and com-"mits a crime black as hell. But this "sacred & heaven descended volume of "inspiration, this—"I was here startled with the cry of murder, which proceeded from a distance, and awoke. R**

The subsequent portrait of "The Great Commoner," is taken from an European publication and is said to have circulated in England soon after the death of its subject. It certainly has merit and does him *splendid justice*. It is only not equal to the sublime character, attributed to GRATTAN, which like the eloquence it describes, "sometimes resembles the *thunder*, and sometimes the *music* of the spheres."

THAT species of eloquence which bears the title of sublime, is majestic, abundant, splendid, and unites in itself all the strength and vehemence which the art of oratory possesses. It is that kind of eloquence which commands an instant and universal assent, renders itself the mistress of public deliberations, astonishes the world by the rapidity of its course, and, after having excited the applause and admiration of mankind, leaves them in despair to attain an equal height of perfection. In a word, it is that eloquence which reigns, with sovereign authority, over the minds, and in the hearts, of all who listen to it, sometimes overturning whatever shall resist its force, and at other times insinuating itself into the very soul by its secret charms; to day establishing opinions altogether unknown, and, on the morrow, mingling those with the dust which appeared to be immoveably established.

Such was the eloqueuce of the late *Earl of Chatham*. The grandeur of his ideas, the force of his expressions, the magnanimity of his sentiments, the extent of his knowledge, the wisdom of his experience, the energy of his voice, the powers of his look, the dignity of his action, will justify my assertion in the opinion even of those, who have only heard his name; but to those, who have heard his voice in the public deliberation of his country, my definition of his eloquence, or perhaps any other, must appear inadequate to that combination of pre-eminent excellence, which composed it. It was a rapid torrent, whose irresistible flood bore down and overwhelmed every thing, that opposed its course; and, after having amazed the country through which it rolled its impetuous waters, made the ocean itself recoil from a superior wave.

The elevated aspect of this great man commanded the awful venera-

tion of all who beheld him; while, by a certain peculiar grace in his manner, arising from a consciousness of his own exalted character, the dignity of his situation, and the solemn, important scenes, wherein he had acted, he seemed at once to acknowledge and repay the respect, which he had received. The subjects, on which his eloquence has at any time been employed, whether while he was in possession of power or after his retreat, were worthy of it. The most important interests of his country occupied his comprehensive, vigorous, and superior mind: they quickened his enthusiasm, elevated his dignity, and sublimed his discourse. Under their impulse, he would arise from the animated pursuit of irrefragable argument, to a boldness of hyperbole that became him alone, and venture even upon the language of prophecy, which could only be justified by its certain accomplishment.

No idea was too vast, no image too sublime, for the grandeur of his conceptions, and the majesty of his manner. His expressions seemed to be of his own creation, and yielded in strength and sublimity but to the language of inspiration, which he was accustomed to adopt with such powerful and appropriate energy. Hence it was, that he could strike his adversaries dumb, make ministers tremble, and Englishmen enthusiasts. Hence it was, that he persuaded our nation to believe themselves irresistible as well as invincible, and, under such impressions, to realize their belief.

At the close of life, his venerable form, though bowed with age and infirmity, was still animated by a mind, that nothing could subdue: his spirit still remained, and, till the last act of his political life, beneath which he sunk, continued to arm his eye with lightning, and to clothe his lips with thunder.

The superior characteristic of Lord Chatham's eloquence was dignity; and such was the compass of his powers, that there was no playfulness of fancy, or sprightliness of wit, (and he possessed them both in an eminent degree,) which he could not accommodate to the leading feature of his character. His rising up and his sitting down, every trifling motion or familiar action, was so managed as to partake of the general grandeur of his nature, and render it more conspicuous. They, who have seen and heard him, will acknowledge, that some degree of justice is done to Lord Chatham's abilities in this imperfect sketch of them To those, whose admiration of him springs entirely from the description of others, I must address myself in the language of antient eloquence, *Quanto magis admiraremini, si audissetis ipsum.*

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

From an European publication we take the following *Rules for Shooting a La Gambado.*

As shooting is in itself, when properly pursued, one of the most delightful and healthy recreations that can be taken, but not without considerable danger and hazard, unless a man have some previous knowledge how to conduct himself during a day's sport, I have taken the liberty to point out a few of the most useful precepts, by the observance of which one may enjoy this most charming diversion with the smallest possible danger to himself and his company, and the greatest probability not only of finding, but of bringing down, no inconsiderable quantity of game. And it will, I

am persuaded, be found, upon perusal, by every veteran sportsman, that these rules are not merely theoretical, but deduced from actual experience of their good effects.

Early rising has been often times particularly recommended to the sportsman, as being not only agreeable in the highest degree, but even absolutely necessary for good sport. Somerville, in other respects generally judicious, seems to have fallen into this vulgar prejudice, when he makes, in the beginning of the second book of the Chase, that rapturous address to Morn:

"Hail gentle dawn! mild blushing goddess hail!
Rejoic'd I see thy purple mantle spread
O'er half the skies; gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from ev'ry shrub depend."

To attempt to prove the fallacy of this notion would be superfluous trouble, as no one can be so dull as not to admit, that the more ease and refreshment a man obtains before he enters upon a state of labour, the better will he be able to bear it when necessary. When at last you have arisen from your persuasive couch, be above all things particularly careful that you do not burden your stomach with devouring too large or substantial a breakfast: let no man persuade you inconsiderately to take eggs, cold meat, tea, coffee, or other of these kind of things: a small bason of water gruel, with a thin toast, will be found by experience to be the best possible thing you can take, but particularly if it is likely to be many hours before you touch meat again. This sits light upon the stomach, and will not in the least impede the activity of your motions. With regard to the dress I should advise you to shoot in, much depends upon the kind of country in which you are to walk: if this be deep and dirty, I should recommend strongly Spanish leather shoes, as thin as possible, and silk stockings, in order that, your steps being light, you may not sink too deep into the mire. Nankin breeches are indispensable, particularly for cock-shooting in a thick cover; they are so thin and light, that they are no restraint upon the limbs; and if the day be raw and cold, by letting them sit close to your skin no air will be able to get between, and consequently you will be exceedingly warm and comfortable. Many people foolishly recommend strong fustian or waterproof cloth jackets for shooting; but this is a most useless and unnecessary incumbrance. I should recommend a broad-cloth as fine as can be got; the color should properly be yellow, because the leaves are then changing to this hue; and it is always a great advantage to be as little seen as possible. If the day is early in September, and very hot, put a great coat on by all means, lest, if you get warm by exercise, and then have occasion to stand still to load your piece, you catch cold, by cooling too suddenly. When you get into the fields at last, after having taken every precaution that you may not be in want of ammunition during the day, by carrying out with you ten or twelve pounds of shot, and three or four of powder, I should advise you to be especially careful, that your flint is not one of those that will give fire every time it is struck; because if you should by any accident, catch the trigger of your gun in a hedge or thicket, the piece will not be so liable to go off, and do any mischif, if the flint is extremely bad.—If you are walking in company, be sure to carry your piece so, that the muzzle be always di-

rected towards your companion; and on no account forget constantly to carry it cocked, that if any thing should get up unawares you may always be ready to let fly at it. Particularly observe this last piece of advice when getting over a fence, because the rustling you then make may very probably stir a hare, and then you will be prepared to shoot her.—Be sure that in the choice of your dogs you get the fleetest you possibly can, that will run over the ground in the smallest possible time; and always take two or three small spaniels out with your pointers, which will give tongue as soon as any thing is started; and thus you will have immediate notice of it, though your eyes may be turned another way.—Whenever any of your pointers stands, run straight up to him immediately, as hard as you are able; and when you get close up, hit him a smart blow with the but end of your gun, to make him put the birds up: the moment they are in sight, you must let off your piece. Never mark out any particular bird, but shoot smack at the covey.—Should you be in such high luck as to bring a partridge down, let your dog run up to it, and bite it as much as he pleases: this will encourage him, and make him more eager afterwards.—It is not a bad plan to have a couple of bull dogs trained up, to accompany you on your excursions, in order that if a bull should attack you, these animals may be ready to pin him for you immediately. When he is in this state shoot him, that he may not offend in future. If you can train up the bull dogs to find your game, you will combine two advantages together.—The smaller your shot the greater is the range, and of course the chances are multiplied in your favor; therefore, by this rule, small sparrow shot will do much more execution than the size which many prejudiced sportsmen will use for partridge-shooting.—If you find any of your dogs shy, or afraid of the gun at all, the best thing is to give them a downright good flogging; and if this does not improve them, as they are running from you give them a few shot from your gun in flank: the trifling pain they will feel will soon teach them that there is nothing to be afraid of with regard to the gun.—If your dogs run sheep, never be foolishly persuaded to beat them for it, or tie them to an old ram, as some recommend; but be sure to feed them plentifully on nothing but mutton, and let them now and then kill a few sheep themselves; they will soon have a surfeit of it, for those things are seldom much sought after which are easily obtained.—I could say a great deal more on this interesting subject, but am obliged for the present to conclude by subscribing myself, your most obedient, and constant reader, RURICOLA.

EPITAPH UPON A FLEA.

Supposed to have plagued Alexander the Great.

Here rests one, who by many a leap,
Could well contrive his blood to keep;
While Alexander has been sung,
For blood which he from others wrung.
Still, as a hero, be it known,
The flea's preferr'd beneath this stone;
Who from that tyrant blood could draw,
And bid defiance to the law.

When the present Lord Holland was born, Mr. Fox who had before been presumptive heir to the family estate and title, was said by a witty lady, to resemble a fine complexion which is injured by the *sun* and *air*.

A Pun.—A person in the city of Chester, who is noted for a high setter of shops, as they express it in the north, had one standing empty a long time, on account of the exor-

bitant rent he asked for it. A tradesman lately wrote upon the shutters "*Gibraltar*," where it remained two or three days before the meaning was found out, which is—it never will be taken.

A musical gentleman, while performing, was lately arrested by *two* bailiffs, who requested him to join them in a *trio;* I should rather imagine, said the unfortunate gentleman, you wish for a *catch*.

From the Sporting Magazine for February, we select the LAST WORDS of *Tom Ash* THE PUNSTER.

MY FRIEND—It is time for a man to look *grave*, when he has one foot there; every fit of *coughing* has put me in mind of my *coffin*, though *dissolute* men the seldomest think of *dissolution*. This is a great alteration! I, that supported myself with good *wine*, must now be supported by a *small bier*. A fortune-teller once looked on my hand, and said "This man is to be a great traveller; he will be at the *Diet of Worms*, and from thence go to *Rot-is-bone*."

Now, seeing I understood this double meaning; I desire to be privately buried, for I think a public funeral looks like *Bury fair*, and the *rites* of the dead too often prove *wrongs* to the living; methinks the the word itself best expresses the number, neither *few-nor-all*. A dying man should not think of *obsequies*, but of *ob se quies*. Little did I apprehend you would so soon see *Tom Stown* under a *tombstone*. T. P. are no letters in death's *alphabet;* he has not *half-a-bit* of either. Every thing should put us in mind of death; Physicians assure us, that our very food breeds it in us; so that in our *dieting*, we may be said to *die eating*.—There is something ominous not only in the name of diseases, as *di*-arhœa, *di*-abetis, *dy*-sentery; but even in the drugs designed to preserve life, as *di*-acordium, *di*-apente, *di*-ascordium. I perceive Dr. *Howard*—and I feel *how hard*—thinks I shall *decease* before the *day cease;* but before I die, I desire to give some advice to those that survive me:—Let *Gamesters* consider that death is *hazard* and *passage* upon the turn of a *dye*. Let *lawyers* consider it is a very hard *case*. And let *punsters* consider it is hard to *die jesting* when death is so hard in *digesting*.—Here his breath failed him, and he expired.

LINES written on the blank leaf of Melmoth "*On the Sublime and Beautiful*" &c. presented to Miss Eliza Borr.

To fair Eliza's hand consign'd,
Melmoth, how light your duty?
You've but SUBLIMITY to find;
I've pointed out the BEAUTY.

LITERARY NOTICE.

Messrs. JOHN WEST and OLIVER C. GREENLEAF, we are happy to announce, have commenced the publication of BURKE'S works. In these is collected "what was meant for *mankind*," "of the labors of one" born for the *universe*." As a writer, he is indeed diffuse. But his style is rather the flood of *thought*, than *words*. His ideas are rich and justify such bold exuberance of amplification. But he could condense as well as spread; and his works afford instances of striking precision almost as numerous, as those of lappy diffuseness. He is ever varying, yet the same. In his "Sublime and Beautiful," he has all the perspicuous frigid simplicity of the didactic, and in his parliamentary speeches all the luxuriant, glowing grandeur of popular harrangue. This gives his works signal advantage. The reader forgets that he peruses the productions of *one* man, and is deluded into the belief, that he is gazing at the beauties of BURKE, ADDISON, and JOHNSON. An American edition of these works is contemplated with proud pleasure. The execution from the specimen afforded will meet universal satisfaction.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE CHOICE.

A RHAPSODY.

CONCLUDED.

Your habitation thus you've shown,
Pray would you love to live alone?
For that which in life's common weal
  Delightful makes our living blest
Is a sufficiency genteel—
  Sir, I suppose you know the rest.*
How now! muse, art thou out of time,
Why all this hobbling in the rhyme?
—No questions ask—your voice so hoarse
Ruins the thread of my discourse.
Tho' if for once we think alike
'Tis love at which you seem to strike.
Dan Pomfret rev'rend bard, declares
He'd not be plagued with household cares,
He would not have a wife—he vows
A mistress' better than a spouse.

But I—O Fortune! choose a wife.
The sweet PALLADIUM of life,
By gracious, all-providing Heaven
To miserable man *was* given,
Which, while they cordially retain,
All human woes assail in vain.
Internal ills are sooth'd to rest,
And happy grow the once distrest.
Few in their virtues should be stricter—
But stop awhile—I'll draw her picture.
  One, in whose gentle mind, replete
With virtue, sense and candor meet:
From prattling nonsense may she be,
As from dull silence ever free,
If wisdom is her happy share,
It will decrease the mutual care.
As bees from flowers of every hue
Collect and mix the sweeten'd dew:
So will the fair from nature's law,
Her sound, prudential maxims draw,
Thy changes, Fortune, always find
Her of content and equal mind;
If, in a high or prosp'rous state,
She's ne'er with overjoy elate;
And when misfortunes intervene
It never damps the mind serene;
No scandal wounds her neighbors' fame,
No envy seeks their faults to blame.
But when detractive spight is flung
Let silence rest upon her tongue:
With pity—with benevolence—
With sprightly wit and solid sense,
Let judgment all her actions sway,
Mild, cheerful, unreserv'd and gay:
To her I'd all my thoughts unbend,
For in her dwells the faithful friend.
Each shining virtue of the mind:
Each moral sentiment refin'd;
Each action done with lovely ease;
Each grace that never fails to please;
Each tender tie that can endear,
In her soft manners will appear.
Blest with so good, so kind a wife
How smooth would pass the days of life!

Methinks 'twould add to human joys
To have some prattling girls and boys!
How happy are their harmless courses
Bestriding canes and hobby horses?
As some young wits, that I could name,
Scribbling for literary fame,
Think in their vanity and pride,
The wild Pegassus they bestride,
And drive him at a monstrous course—
While only 'tis their hobby horse.
Woe to the youth, who does maintain,
Such hobby horses of the brain!

How *blest* must be a *father's* share
Who views with a *paternal care*
His smiling offspring, and is able,
(Like olive plants around his table)
To see the young ideas shoot,
While education ripes the fruit?
What knowledge all the infant tribe
Would from their mother's breast imbibe?
Her care would teach the youthful train
To catch the bliss and miss the pain;
Did business call abroad to roam
Who would not long to be at home?
With such a wife who would not prove
The blessings of connubial love?
With such a wife was Orpheus blest,
  A perfect one, *like mine*, no doubt,
For he the king of hell addrest,
  Eurydice, to find thee out!
But who to Pluto e'er applied,
T' emancipate a foolish bride?
Full many a man, now link'd by fate
Wishes the Devil had his mate!
Ah! what calamitous miscarriage
Happens of late in modern marriage!
What miseries betide the life
Of him who meddles with a wife,
Each pulls the thread of life with force,
Each pulls the thread a different course
Till separated by divorce.

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* *For that which makes our lives delightful prove,*
Is a genteel sufficiency—and love. *Pomf.*

O! from my fair, let partial fate,
Vindictive thoughts eradicate!
Ladies, should you my mate dislike—
Should not her moral virtues strike—
If she from common rules depart,
Blame then the bard—with all my heart.
—If ye find graces three or four
Then compliment Sir Thomas Moore.

POLLIO.

FOR THE EMERALD.

"*Vacui lusimus.*"

As Time was trav'ling on, the other day,
Making his wonted calls upon the way,
Quick'ning his pace, he turn'd him to the wood
Where Prosper's lofty dwelling stood.

Prosper was drinking at his door,
When hoary time came clatt'ring at the grate,
He dropp'd the glass and trembled sore;
For Time it seems full oft before
Had knock'd at Prosper's gate.
And tho' he'd knock'd, and call'd, and knock'd again,
Yet still he'd knock'd & call'd in vain.

But now once more old Time the grating shook;
And now awhile in silence did he wait;
At length in anger from his side he took
A pow'rful key, the key of Fate—

Then to remove the bolts, apply'd
With more than mortal strength the key of Fate,
He turn'd the key, the bolts flew wide,
And furious Time with hasty stride
Enter'd at Prosper's gate.
And to the wretch, all trembling as he lay,
Frowning, he thus began to say:

"Vile, thoughtless, miscreant, behold thy guest,
The friend you sought and found in poverty,
You ask'd for wealth, I gave, and when possess'd, me.
You turn'd your thoughts no more on

"It griev'd me sore full many a day
This undeserv'd and cold neglect to see.
Too oft I've stopt upon my way,
Fate will admit no more delay,
Rise, wretch, and follow me."
He rose, and went, and with an aching mind,
Cast a long, ling'ring look behind.

PHAON.

For the Emerald.

THE EVENING TWILIGHT.

When the horizon dark appears,
And adverse clouds around me lower,
To soothe my sad desponding heart,
I bid thee welcome, placid hour.

When bright the future prospect smiles,
And strews the path with many a flower;
To check the rapt'rous tide of bliss,
I bid thee welcome, placid hour.

When kindred souls together meet,
And Friendship's soft, enliv'ning power,
Shares the gay smile, or dries the tear;
O then most welcome, placid hour.

And still, should sorrow mark my way,
Or pleasure deck my humble bower,
I'll quit with joy, the glare of day,
To hail thee welcome, placid hour.

THE VILLAGE LASS.

Some time since we gave POLLIO's MORNING. We hope our readers will find no "falling off" in the

EVENING.

Now the setting sun behold!
Sweet appears the motlied west,
Now the clouds are ting'd with gold,
Nature's tawdry dappled vest!

Blithsome on each verdant spray,
Birds that warble thro' the dell,
Answ'ring to each other's lay,
Bid the joyful day farewell.

Now he sits behind the hill,
Every bird has left the vale,
Save the plaintive whippoorwill,
Who repeats her mournful tale.

Now the soaring nighthawk flies,
Scorns by man to be outdone;
He, like Charles,* ascends the skies,
Twice to see the setting sun.

O'er the far extending plain,
Rustic swains begin their dance;
Empress of the sky to reign,
See the smiling moon advance!

Now the glow worm's lucid blaze,
O'er the distant hill we view,
Striving to expand their rays,
Emulous to make a shew.

* *M. Charles in the air-balloon, saw the sun set twice in the same day, (which though no man ever beheld before) any night hawk may see when he chooses.*

Thus the gay, fantastic maid,
Flaunts amidst the noise of praise,
Soon alas! her beauties fade,
Like the glow worm's transient blaze.

POLLIO.

The following Masonic Ode written by D. A. Leonard, Esq. accidentally falling into my hands, I take the liberty to communicate it to the Emerald. It appeared about the time of the occasion on which it was written, in one of the R. Island papers, since which it has been corrected by the author. Though eulogies of Masonry are not uncommon, it is rare we meet with any thing written on the *consecration of the corner stone*, an occasion attended with much solemnity by that *ancient order*. In the present ode, the appropriate technical allusions, with their corresponding *moral*, are seldom more happily blended.

MARCELLUS.

MASONIC ODE,

Written on the occasion of laying the corner stone of St. Alban's Lodge, at Bristol, (R. I.) September 19, 1804.

FROM refreshment haste to labour,
Cheerly let the work go on;
Rend the flinty mines of Tabor,
Brethren, set the corner stone.

Wisdom, zoned with skill Sidonian,
To the grand design be given,
And the grace beyond Ionian,
Build the glowing fane to heaven.

Strength in Tuscan grandeur heaving,
Bid the basalt columns rise;
Sires of virtue, wrongs retrieving,
Brave the whelming lure of vice.

Rest, silent record * of these hallow'd hours,
Bright as the muse enroll'd in Pompeii's towers,
Fair Runic pledge for countless worlds† to come,
Till nature's ruin sweeps thy silent tomb.

Bring me Abif's line and square,
Place the work erect and fair,
Now the temple is begun,
True and trusty corner stone.

The *Omer's* charge our souls shall nourish,
Though a *handful* from the field,—
By the Tisbites' God we'll flourish,
Till th' arraigning lip is seal'd.

Pour the wine's devout oblation,
Rapt emotions to impart,—
Tis the quick'ning prelibation,
Shed in every re-born heart.

Press the *olive* on our sorrows,
Greet the joy anointing juice;—
Who a wither'd harvest borrows,
Near Sarepta's wasteless cruise,

SALEM'S KING, be our conductor,
Rear and bless the superstructure;
Nature rose at thy command:
Musick, strike the thrilling wire,
Rapt'rous strains, our hearts inspire,
MOUNT HOPE YIELDS NOT TO MORIAH,‡
WHILE ST. ALBAN'S PILLARS STAND.

For the Emerald.

ADDRESS TO A ROSE.

SWEET rose, from the kingdom of Flora retire!
I'll point you a portion more blest.
Go—adorn the fair maid, whom I love and admire,
Then perish and fade on her breast.

When you view the bright charms of the queen of my heart,
Array'd in the graces of youth,
Thou wilt bless the dear lot, which death only can part,
And rival thy master in truth.

Fair emblem of beauty—how short the space
That you spent in the beams of the day!
The morning may smile on thy ravishing grace
And evening lament thy decay.

O, *by thy sad* frailty, may Lucy discern
How short is the season of love.
And may she this wisdom most speedily learn,
The roses of youth to improve.

LEANDER.

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* *The medal inscribed with the year of Masonry and the date of the Lodge deposited under the consecrated stone.*

† *Jewish expression for "ages" more consonant ('tis supposed) with the antiquity of Masonry.*

‡ *Harmony might be promoted, this line read,*
"Hope yields not to Mount Moriah,
but the author judiciously preferred [illegible] to metre.

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